

TEXAS AREA CONFERENCE

JUNE 23-24 1979

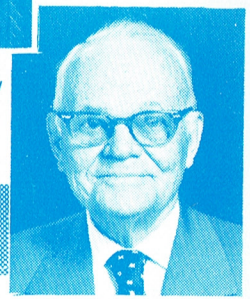
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



President
Spencer W. Kimball



President
N. Eldon Tanner
First Counselor



President
Marion G. Romney
Second Counselor



Elder Ezra Taft Benson
President
The Quorum of the Twelve



Elder Gordon B. Hinckley
The Quorum of the Twelve



Elder Dean L. Larsen
The First Quorum
of the Seventy



Elder F. Burton Howard
The First Quorum
of the Seventy



Sister Barbara B. Smith
Relief Society
General President



Sister Elaine Cannon
Young Woman
General President

RELIEF SOCIETY SESSION

Saturday, June 23, 1979 - 4 p.m.
President Spencer W. Kimball, presiding
Sister Venna McKey, chorister
Sister Lucinda Reeves, organist
CHORAL HYMN: The Lord Is My Shephard
CHORAL HYMN: Hear My Prayer, O Lord
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN: There Is Beauty All Around
CHORAL HYMN: Yet in Beauty

☆

PRIESTHOOD SESSION

Saturday, June 23, 1979 - 7 p.m.
President Spencer W. Kimball, presiding
Brother Jack Rose, chorister
Brother Howard Taylor, organist
CHORAL HYMN: Jesus My Savior True
CHORAL HYMN: Through Deepening Trials
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN: Praise to the Man
CHORAL HYMN: I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked

☆

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION

Sunday, June 24, 1979 - 10 a.m.
President Spencer W. Kimball, presiding
Brother Joseph Larkin, chorister
Brother Tim Hinson, organist
CHORAL HYMN: I Know That My Redeemer Liveth
CHORAL HYMN: O Divine Redeemer
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN: O My Father
CHORAL HYMN: How Lovely Are the Messengers

☆

SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION

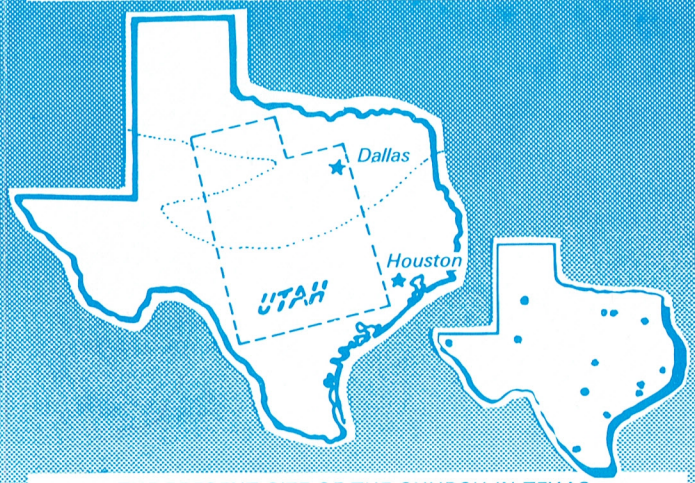
Sunday, June 24, 1979 - 2 p.m.
President Spencer W. Kimball, presiding
Brother Joseph Larkin, chorister
Brother Tim Hinson, organist
CHORAL HYMN: Oh Say What Is Truth
CHORAL HYMN: Our God Is a God of Love
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN: Come, Come Ye Saints
CHORAL HYMN: The Lord Is My Light

☆

KEEP THIS FOLDER. *It will assist you in following the various events, etc. transpiring in your TEXAS AREA CONFERENCE.*

The restored Gospel was introduced in the State of Texas in 1843, two years before the Republic of Texas entered the Union as the twenty-eighth State. The first Mormon settlers were led by Elder Lyman Wight and settled near the present city of Austin.

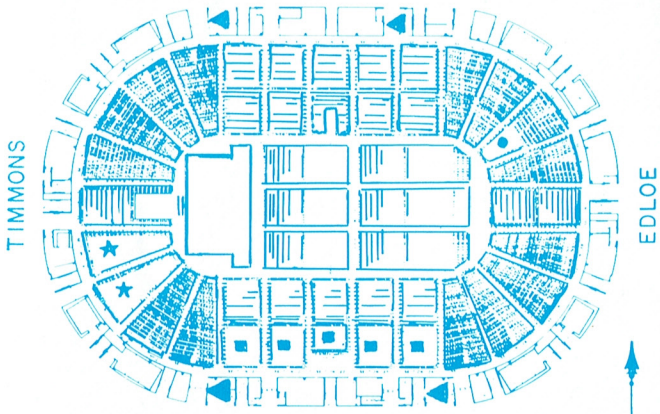
The State of Texas was divided into the Dallas Stake and the Houston Stake in 1953. The Dallas Stake alone covered 88,000 square miles, equal to the size of the State of Utah.



THE PRESENT SIZE OF THE CHURCH IN TEXAS:
(nineteen Stakes)

● *Austin* ● *Beaumont* ● *Corpus Christi* ● *Dallas (3) (Dallas, Dallas North, Dallas East)* ● *El Paso* ● *Fort Worth (2) (Fort Worth, Fort Worth North)* ● *Friendswood* ● *Houston (3) (Houston, Houston East, Houston North)* ● *Longview* ● *Lubbock* ● *McAllen* ● *Odessa* ● *San Antonio (2) (San Antonio, San Antonio East).*

THE SUMMIT



★ *CHOIR SECTION SECCION DEL CORO*
■ *TRANSLATION SECTION SECCION DE TRADUCIR*
● *SECTION FOR THE DEAF SECCION PARA LOS SORDOS*
◄ *CHECK ROOM GUARDARROPA*

Ushers will be glad to furnish any additional information desired and to assist you in the locating of any particular or specific section.

THERE IS BEAUTY ALL AROUND

Relief Society Session

There is beauty all around when there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound when there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide, smiling sweet on every side.
Time doth softly, sweetly glide when there's love at home.
Love at home; love at home;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide when there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy when there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy when there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet; all the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete when there's love at home.
Love at home, love at home;
Making life a bliss complete when there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above when there's love at home;
All the world is filled with love when there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by; brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high when there's love at home.
Love at home; love at home;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high when there's love at home.

☆

PRAISE TO THE MAN

Priesthood Session

Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah!
Jesus annointed that Prophet and Seer.
Blessed to open the last dispensation,
Kings shall extol him, and nations revere.

Chorus: Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven!
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain.
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethen;
Death cannot conquer the heor again.

Praise to his memory, he died as a martyr;
Honored and blest be his ever great name!
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Plead unto heaven while the earth lauds his fame.

Chorus:

Great is his glory and endless his priesthood.
Ever and ever the keys he will hold.
Faithful and true, he will enter his kingdom,
Crowned in the midst of the prophets of God.

Chorus:

Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven;
Earth must atone for the blood of that man.
Wake up the world for the conflict of justice.
Millions shall know "brother Joseph" again.

Chorus:

O MY FATHER

Sunday Morning Session

O my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place,
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?
In thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth.
Yet ofttimes a secret something
Whispered, "You're a stranger here,"
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father,
Through thy Spirit from on high,
But until the key of knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason, truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutural approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

☆

COME, COME, YE SAINTS

Sunday Afternoon Session

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear;
But with joy wend your way.
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! All is well!

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right.
Why should we think to earn a great reward,
if we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins; fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! All is well!

We'll find the place which God for use prepared,
Far away in the West,
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
There the Saints will be blessed.
We'll make the air with music ring,
Shout praises to our God and Kings;
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! All is well!

And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! All is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow, too;
With the just we shall dwell!
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! All is well!